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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Falsifying the Balance

The five-power naval limitation treaty was recently ratified by the Senate practically without opposition. Congress had previously requested the President to call a conference of naval powers for the purpose of ending competition in building. The treaty, which provided for a naval holiday and limited capital ship tonnage, was applauded the world over as a satisfactory adjustment of dangerous naval rivalries.

But the House of Representatives is already considering a naval appropriation bill which departs widely from the spirit of the naval treaty. That convention fixed a ratio of naval strength for the five powers. For the United States, Great Britain and Japan the figures were, respectively, 5-5-3. So far as this country is concerned its naval policy, as embodied in a treaty framed on our initiative, may be summed up in the phrase "equality with the strongest." The Appropriations Committee is now trying to persuade the House to turn its back on that policy.

Ships are comparatively valueless without the men to operate them. Equality with the strongest applies to personnel, therefore, as well as to vessels. The committee doesn't want to appropriate money for the support of more than 67,000 men. How does that strength compare with the enlisted strength of the British navy—our equal under the treaty ratio?

The British navy (excluding marines) will be reduced by March, 1923, to 88,470 officers and men, of whom 4,780 will be commissioned officers and midshipmen. But the colonial navies have a strength in officers and men of 7,289 and one-third of the British aviation personnel—11,969—is also assigned to the navy. So the British naval enlisted strength next year (excluding marines) will be in the neighborhood of 100,000.

Japan's enlisted personnel now stands at 73,252. It will probably be reduced within the next year to 68,252. At that figure it would exceed the personnel allowed our navy by the Appropriations Committee, although some allowance should be made for the fact that we have a Marine Corps, maintained separately, and Japan has none. But on the basis of Japanese strength our enlisted strength should be 113,750, including marines. On the basis of British strength (marines excluded) it should be at least 100,000.

The committee is deliberately disregarding the conditions and implications of the Washington settlement. It is upsetting the international naval balance not in favor of the United States but in favor of other nations.

No Retrogression

John H. Bartlett, First Assistant Postmaster General, makes an unconvincing plea against extending the civil service to include "administrative officers." There has been, he complains, a tendency constantly to include higher officials, so that whereas at first the system did not affect those who received more than $1,800 a year it now embraces many whose salaries are as high as $5,000.

It is difficult to sympathize with Mr. Bartlett's implication that such an extension of the civil service endangers administration. He speaks of the "menace" of Federal employees who are constant talebearers to the minority party and mentions the consequent necessity for the Administration to surround itself with persons whom it can trust "with its secrets as well as its funds." He mentions the need of administrative and executive officers who are enthusiasts for the reforms and policies of the party in power. And, finally, he suggests that the true test of the progress of the civil service system is not the extent to which it reaches higher officials but the proportion in which it perfects a just system of handling the lower paid servants of the government.

The real danger of the civil service—that it tends to create a bureaucracy worshiping the deity of red tape and thus strangles individual initiative—is not brought out in this statement. Not even this however, is a sufficient argument to sustain the claim that the service is reaching too high. The true purpose of the system is not so much to take so many positions out of politics as it is to maintain in the government service men and women of experience and thus overcome the inefficiency and economic waste that existed when the spoils system extended down to the lowest government positions.

That the time to limit the extension of the service is at hand requires more convincing evidence than Mr. Bartlett's alarm at the wrongdoings of talebearers.

A Volunteer Martyr

It is not the newspapers that are making a martyr of the Police Commissioner. It is not the thieves and highwaymen who carry on their lucrative callings as calmly as if there weren't any Police Commissioner to worry about. It is not his friend, former Police Commissioner McKay, who assures Mr. Enright that a pillory is being prepared for him in the presence of his enemies.

If Mr. Enright is a martyr at all he is a self-made martyr. If he is compelled to occupy a pillory it will be one of his own building. Nobody is going to take his job away from him if he attends to it. The Governor has not threatened to remove him, nor even intimated that he ought to be removed, unless New York continues to be an unsafe place in which to live.

Mr. Enright is not only sure of holding office, at least to the end of Mr. Hylan's term, but has an excellent prospect of covering himself with glory if he will only stop whining and begin chasing criminals out of the city.

For a man of his self-confessed qualifications and experience this ought to be easy. He began his career as a policeman. He grew up in the New York police force. He is more familiar with its routine and its personnel than any other man in it. Special knowledge that no civilian can acquire in an ordinary term of office was his before he got his appointment to his present place.

No fair-minded person believes for a minute that the complaints directed at Mr. Enright are aimed over his shoulder at Mr. Hylan. The idea advanced by Mr. McKay that the whole thing is a political move is preposterous, unless, indeed, the thieves and robbers and murderers have been brought to the city as a part of a deeply laid conspiracy to "get" Mr. Hylan. That will hardly seem reasonable, even to Mr. Hylan.

It is perfectly natural for people to complain when their goods and chattels are violently wrested from them, or when their friends and relatives are shot in their offices or on the public streets. Even Mr. Hylan's friends and well-wishers would complain under such circumstances.

All Mr. Enright has to do to remove the fear of martyrdom is to conduct his office efficiently and employ the extra help that has been given him in the suppression of crime. We have his own evidence that he is able and intelligent and vigilant. Let him use those qualities in his business and he will no longer be a martyr.

Falkenhayn

Falkenhayn cannot be ranked very high among the generals who exercised supreme command during the great war. He was chief of the German general staff—that is, the directing head of all the German armies—from September, 1914, to August, 1916. He was displaced after a full test of his capacities, and few German military writers now dispute his failure.

His theory of the conduct of the war on Germany's part is set forth rather guardedly in his post-war book. He says he was convinced after the collapse of the Marne campaign that Germany could not win through an offense on either front. He therefore pursued what he considered a program of conservation of effort, hoping to outlast the enemy in a war of comparative deadlock.

Having made up his mind on this point he showed great irritation when Hindenburg and Ludendorff urged a decisive Russian campaign in 1915. He had clashes with these leaders and did all he could to hold them under. Conditions on the west front forced Germany east in the spring of 1915, when the Russian armies were crippled by lack of munitions. Ludendorff was probably right in thinking that an envelopment of the Russian armies then in Poland and Galicia could be brought about by a break-through from East Prussia toward Grodno. But Falkenhayn wouldn't listen to him. He tried, instead, a pushing back process on the other side of the Polish salient. This cleared Poland and Galicia, but allowed the Russian armies a safe line of retreat through Brest-Litovsk.

The next year Falkenhayn violated his own principle by a wasteful offensive against Verdun. Ludendorff says bluntly that this offensive ought to have been broken off at the end of the first phase, in which it had a relative success. But Falkenhayn ran it into the ground and incurred losses without justification.

That was the beginning of the end for him. The Hindenburg-Ludendorff constellation eclipsed him and the Kaiser let him go. Hindenburg and Ludendorff lost the war for Germany by demanding a renewal of unrestricted submarine warfare, thus forcing America to join the Allies. But Falkenhayn was also a strong advocate of illegal use of the U-boat. He would have given—in fact, he had already given—the Kaiser the same advice as theirs. Ludendorff might have won the war had he been in power in 1915. Falkenhayn didn't win it then, and would have lost it equally if he had continued in power.

An Unforgivable Slight

At last the world has an explanation of Justice Daniel F. Cohalan's hostile attitude toward Lloyd George, the Irish Free State and everybody who approves of either. The British Premier deliberately arranged the terms of the offer to Ireland without consulting Justice Cohalan. This seems incredible, but we have documentary evidence of it.

An announcement issued by his organization, which bears the somewhat contradictory name of "The Friends of Irish Freedom," says:

> "We were not consulted concerning any measure of compromise; we were not consulted regarding the agreement made at London; nor regarding the conversations leading up to that agreement. If we had been we would not have approved."

Probably not. Still it did seem rather high-handed of Mr. Lloyd-George to seek out Irish residents and Irish citizens in his effort to come to terms with Ireland rather than to come over here and get the approval of American politicians and officeholders.

Justice Cohalan hasn't been in Ireland a great deal lately, but he owns an estate there, and Mr. Lloyd George ought to know that nothing concerning Ireland ought to be done without his permission. Perhaps in the event that the peace doesn't work out he will cable the justice before he negotiates another. It probably will not do any good, but the British statesman doesn't want to get himself into contempt of a former adviser of Charles F. Murphy and a grave and reverend justice of the New York Supreme Court.

E. Mont Reily

So loud has been the outcry against Governor E. Mont Reily of Porto Rico and so persistent are the charges brought against him that in fairness to him an investigation of conditions in the island should be held. If he has been wrongly accused his enemies should be silenced. Otherwise he should be removed.

The specific charges made against the Porto Rican Governor are unproved. They are in themselves, however, of such a nature as to demand investigation. They include the removal and threat of removal of certain judges, the use of the police force for partisan purposes and the appointment of officials antagonistic to the islanders and their interests.

More recently grave charges of financial irregularities have been brought by a Porto Rican grand jury.

Whatever the truth in these various accusations, the fact remains that Governor Reily has incurred the wrath of a large portion of the island administration. So high was the feeling that before adjourning in February the Porto Rican Senate refused to confirm several of his appointments and passed a resolution requesting a Congressional investigation of his acts. If this is merely a tempest in a teapot it looks as if the time had come to put an end to it.

For Cleaner Sport

Credit is due to the Princeton Athletic Committee for enforcing with particular strictness the regulations regarding ineligibility of undergraduates to take part in athletics. Eighteen men, including the captains of the football and baseball teams, have been placed on the ineligible list after a thorough examination of each particular case. While detailed reasons for this action are lacking, the authorities have taken pains to explain that in no case is there any reflection upon any of the individuals and that there is no taint of professionalism. These men have, however, unwittingly violated the letter of the agreement made in 1916 by Harvard, Yale and Princeton, which was designed to eliminate the possibility of men receiving financial assistance in college on account of their athletic ability. However finely drawn the line that separates violations from proper procedure, it has been thought best to err upon the side of meticulousness.

Such action is unpleasant and in some cases may even seem unnecessarily harsh. In fairness to the individuals it should, therefore, be made plain that in the opinion of the authorities no stigma attaches to their exclusion. For the sake of better sportsmanship in the university it was deemed best to eliminate them. Their disappointment and sacrifice can only be compensated for by the knowledge that it is in the interest of cleaner sport.

Princeton's example will doubtless be followed not only by Harvard and Yale but by other colleges and universities. It gives a strong impetus to the fight against the undermining of those high standards of sportsmanship which for awhile had seemed to be in danger of being departed from.

Count that day blest whose low descending sun sees in New York no victim of a gun.

Lloyd George says there will be no time for diversions at the Genoa conference. Evidently his two weeks at Criccieth only served to put him badly off his game.

A man who can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a public benefactor, but such a man never seems to get a job in the Borough of Manhattan Department of Parks.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Modern Efficiency

When Reuben used to come to town
A stranger, suave and bland,
Would sedulously track him down
And grasp him by the hand.

And did old Reuben see the sights
And games that were forbid,
And spend long, entertaining nights
In playing them? He did.

And did he wake some chilly dawn,
In some strange, cheerless place,
To find his roll of money gone?
That also was the case.

To-day, when Reuben comes to town,
Before he's here a day
Some dog-faced stranger knocks him down
And takes his roll away.

Abrupter than the former style.
This modern form of crime,
But it has got it beat a mile
In point of saving time.

Far less of time's remorseless flight
Need Reuben reckon now—
He's on the farm the following night
To polish up the plow.

Which seems to show that even those
Whose trade is doing wrong
Are always up upon their toes
And hustling right along!

Still Pestering Us

The rule that the way to get rid of men is to lend them money doesn't work in the case of the Mexicans.

Crossing the Bar

To the majority of Americans the word "schooner" used to mean a receptacle for the conveyance of an intoxicant, and of late is has come to mean the same thing.

Not All Beer and Skittles

Movie stars are widely envied, but they seem to have their trials every little while.

(Copyright by James J. Montague).

Paying Outsiders' Fares

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In your editorial this morning on the transit situation you say the people pay 2 or 3 cents above the 5-cent fare by way of taxes. Do you forget that thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, who use the subway, etc., every day do not pay a cent of taxes in New York City or state? In other words, I as a taxpayer in New York City pay part of every non-taxpayer's ride. We used to buy an evening paper for 1 cent; now it is 3 cents—everything else in proportion. Then why, as an Interborough bond holder, I ask, should the fare be kept at 5 cents? The companies cannot make money and New York taxpayers pay for out-of-town people's rides. W. C. REED.

New York, April 8, 1922.

Generous Congressmen

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The practice of generosity at the expense of others receives a new impetus in the bonus bill.

If those who voted for it are sincerely solicitous for the able-bodied discharged soldiers, why do they not give their sympathy material form by contributing each, say, $3,000 of his salary? This would mean about $1,000,000 annually to the beneficiaries, besides proving the real interest they now express only in passing the cost of the bonus on to the already heavily burdened taxpayer.

C. F. GOODRICH.

Princeton, N. J., April 8, 1922.

Park Avenue Relief

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have just read your editorial "Deparking Park Avenue." As I use Park Avenue every day coming to the city, I have found that the permission for taxicabs to park along the side of this avenue, rather than in the side streets, has the effect of narrowing the avenue just the width of one car.

It would seem to me that the simple regulation of the parking of cars in connection with Park Avenue would have more beneficial effect than the removal of the central parkway.

EDWIN STANTON GEORGE.

Yonkers, N. Y., April 8, 1922.

Fairness to Ulster

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It has seemed to me that those of us who claim no kinship with Sinn Féin have shown an amazing apathy with regard to Ulster's struggle. I would like to express my appreciation and approval of the editorial published some days since under the heading "Ireland's Tripartite Agreement." Thomas W. Wilson's letter of April 2 voices my own sentiments, and I thank him for stating them so well.

A. F. WILLIAMS.

North Scituate, R. I., April 7, 1922.

The Tower

THE BRIDE

THEY say she died a hundred years ago,
But yet I think she sometimes comes again,
In firelit twilight or with murmuring rain,
To touch and claim the things she loved below;
Blue delft and luster in a gleaming row;
Her silver candlesticks and mirrors twain,
That for her face have waited long in vain—
These things are hers who died, not mine, I know.

Her wedding slippers and this Chinese shawl,
The fan her lover brought from old Seville—
I keep her treasures for her, that is all.
At dusk to-night there was a stir, a thrill—
A whispering of silk along the hall—
The scent of lavender is lingering still! M. J. D. B.

Prohibitionists want the government to chase away all craft that "loiter" off the coast. Having abolished forty-rod liquor, they are now seeking to eliminate three-mile limit booze.

When the drys have made the disreputable craft stop loitering, it behooves them to take care that all these ships that come limping into port aren't really just staggering.

Why Not Be Polite About It?

F. F. V.: It seems to me that Mr. Enright left one instruction out of his "Don'ts."

He forgot to tell the family, when leaving home, to take in the mat with WELCOME on it. MARGIE.

Still, it's only a matter of time before the crime wave is smothered, if the city continues the replacement ratio heralded in the following headline from "The Sun":

NEGRO SHOOTS A POLICEMAN;
ENRIGHT GETS 1,192 MORE MEN

And speaking of headlines, K. D. B. protests sympathy for the idle rich and believes there is much to be said for the critics of the Chief Justice after reading in The Tribune of April 7:

Says Taft Is Too Often At Tables of Idle Rich

Starts With Lumber, Doors, Bath Tub, Cement for Walks and Now Taking Shrubbery

We have no objection to following in the footsteps of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and talking with our departed ancestors, but we must insist, until we know more about them, that these conversations be held in the strictest privacy.

When spiritual communication improves somewhat it's going to be a terrific shock to humanity to read the roster of those souls who have been elevated to bliss.

And think of the thrill when William Jennings Bryan converses for the first time with his ultimate ancestor!

TRAGEDY OF EVOLUTION

(Finds Man Is No Better Than 30,000 Years Ago.—Headline.

In days of darkest Pliocene
And beasts cantankerous,
One only dared to brave the crowd—
The Pithecanthropus.

He dropped his tail and from all fours
He rose upon two feet.
The monkeys chattered, "Scandalous!"
And monkeys were elite.

The Mastodon just looked and sniffed
In pachydermal scorn,
Such things he simply couldn't stand
When tails were being worn.

The Cynodonts and Allosaurs
Passed by in cold disdain.
They called him unconventional
Because he had a brain.

But man now represents that beast,
Completely evoluted;
He's lost initiative and
Convention substituted.

He can't do this; he can't do that—
"These problems there's no solving"—
And so in self-contented peace,
He's simply stopped evolving.

GEORGE O. SCHOONHOVEN.

The Genoa conference has rebuffed Germany and is going to refuse to recognize Russia. It's apparently going to be one of these entirely private fights.

There is one bit of comfort remaining, however. No matter what happens, the United States Senate won't have to make any reservations on it.

BETROTHAL.

My arms enfold you as these quiet hills,
This simple valley. Silently, love fills
Time with Eternity and it can die
No more than God or white stars in the sky. ALEXANDER JAVIS.

This morning we inaugurated our regular six-months sweating season, and wiping the beads from our brow we thank M. M. M. for submitting a precedent-establishing advertisement announcing:

"Some men have worn nothing but Nettleton shoes for upward of twenty-five years. A tribute such as this makes our pride in these shoes a natural one."

We don't care especially whether the Episcopal Church boils down the Ten Commandments into five, but while the spirit of brevity is upon it, we do wish it would limit all sermons to four three-minute rounds with a decision.

CASPAR QUITS

"They say another Civil War
In Ireland will begin.
Pray, tell what all the shooting's for,"
Said little Peterkin.
"I pass the buck, my child," quoth he,
"Ask old Doc Einstein. Don't ask me."

There's only one chance in 173 of making a success, even if you have a college education, and on a day like this we don't feel like drawing any cards.

As Easter approaches, the florists' prices follow the stock market upward.

The flowers that boom in the spring, tra-la! F. F. V.

TRYING TO PASS THE BUCK UP TO UNCLE SAM

Books

By Percy Hammond

Who, do you think, gave Lady Angela Forbes her first pony? It was Sir Daniel Cooper, as you will learn, with other things, from Lady Angela's "Memories and Base Details," which is another autobiographical sprig just added to the blooming stock of history. Lady Angela had only a donkey to ride in those childhood days, and on one memorable occasion he ran away with her. She had no saddle, but she didn't fall off, so Sir Daniel, who was there at the time, said that she deserved a pony for sticking on so well. Zulu was the pony's name, and his arrival meant that Lady Angela could ride over with the others to luncheon at Normanton. This was where the Avelands lived, a most typical, jolly English family, afterward the Earl and Countess of Ancaster. She could ride also to Apethorpe, a beautiful old Elizabethan house, belonging to Lord and Lady Westmorland. Lord Westmorland was one of the most attractive figures of forty years ago and Lady Westmorland possessed an equal degree of charm. Lady Angela thinks it was Whyte Melville who said of her, "It's like opening the window to see her!" They lived only in a corner of the house, but the lack of grandeur was far more impressive than an ostentatious display in a less genial atmosphere. The eldest daughter, Gracie, afterward the Countess of Loundsborough, was grown up and popular; the other, Daisy (Lady Margaret Spicer), was in the schoolroom, and the same age as Sybil, who eventually married the only son, Lord Burghersh. . . . One day at a Marlborough House garden party Lady Angela broke the elastic which fastened her shoe—which was, of course, two sizes too big, so as to allow for her foot growing. This threatened to spoil her afternoon and she was in tears till the Princess of Wales came to console her and sent the little slipper to be mended.

* * *

What memories! But perhaps you prefer to hear about some of the "baser details" that are enshrined as precious keepsakes in Lady Angela's pages. Her right to an autobiography comes from the facts that she is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn; the sister of the Countess of Westmorland and the Duchess of Sutherland; and the half-sister of the Countess of Warwick. That she was one of the first of the "New Women," as they were called a dozen years ago, running a farm and a shop, writing novels forbidden by the censor, breeding dogs and trimming her own hats. She had some slight experience in divorce from "Jim" Forbes, whom she married because he owned a hunter she coveted, and she raised a disturbance or two in her career among the canteens of the British expeditionary forces. She was returned by the army to England, quite unjustly it seems, because she said "damn" in front of a chaplain and was caught washing her hair in the kitchen of her hospice near Boulogne. As she drove her big Daimler over the neighboring roads, the affrighted poilus, scurrying out of her way, would exclaim as they jumped the fences, *La dame avec la cigarette!*

* * *

One has forgotten what, if anything, Mrs. Asquith said in her volume about Lady Angela, but Lady Angela is most amiable in her references to her sister historian. It is when treating of one another that the women autobiographers are at their best. "I am sure that Margot was never immoral in the accepted sense of the word," says Lady Angela. "She is one of those people that might smile at indecency, but who would scowl on immorality." But, she adds, "I have seen nothing of her in the past few years." Mrs. Asquith's book disappointed Lady Angela terribly. "She has chosen the dullest stories and the most unattractive episodes of her life; she has concealed the interesting details and given prominence to domestic anecdotes which should have been happily ignored. Margot is superbly tactless. . . . She has written with an almost unpardonable lack of reticence about things that most people would hesitate to discuss with their nearest and dearest. 'Peter has been my love; Asquith is to be my life,' was her method of announcing her engagement. She would have made a better M. F. H.'s wife than a Prime Minister's."

* * *

Lady Angela is equally enthusiastic in her regard for Miss Maxine Elliott, who, she says, did awfully good work—with the Belgians. Miss Elliott turned up one day at Lady Angela's bivouac with Lady Drogheda, and proved herself to be "our next excitement." She was "one of those busy people looking for a job, but for some reason or other even her ambulance—or was it a kitchen car?—was not accepted by the Red Cross or any other institution, so *faute de mieux*, she asked if she could work for me." Though a little skeptical of Miss Elliott's suitability, her insistence and generosity overcame Lady Angela's insular dubieties. Besides, Lady Angela needed help, for Lady Juliet Duff was "out" for a time and so were Mrs. Horlick and Gladys Yorke; and Ruby Peto, though splendid, had to meet her husband, and the 10th Hussars. The canteen was buzzing with life—delightful Julian Grenfell—sunshine personified—and Lord Chesham, looking a perfect baby, had paused while dashing home on leave.

Miss Elliott, after being accepted, went over to England for clothes and came back with a butler and a maid, having "every intention of being comfortable." Lady Angela "rather brutally" put her on night duty and was a bit surprised to find that she did not grumble. But "her ideas were grandiose" and she wanted to decorate the canteen after the fashion of a Futurist drawing room. Besides, she suspiciously tasted the cocoa made by Lady Angela herself before it was sent to the trains, and she talked interminably about woman's suffrage. Lady Angela endured Miss Elliott until one night she left a tin jug in the middle of the floor for Lady Angela to stumble upon. "Unintentionally, of course!" says Lady Angela, with ironic emphasis. So Miss Elliott was soon given the air and was on her way to the Belgians, her visit in France having been, in the words of Lady Angela, "a bit of a fiasco."

* * *

Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, also endeared herself to Lady Angela. At Ascot she looked "quite un-American, with her small, refined head," though it was said that she was so thin that her pearls were more effective as a bustle than as a necklace. Lady Astor, another American, had such a reputation as a wit that to maintain it she was forced to use but one bright remark during an evening, repeating it thriftily each time she was expected to scintillate. Lady Angela suspects that Lady Astor is a poor sport. After getting herself a divorce from "Bobbie" Shaw in America she was a dog-in-the-manger in her opposition to the English Divorce Bill. But she looked awfully nice on a horse.

Another woman favorite of Lady Angela's was the Duchess of Westminster in the war. The duchess looked so very pretty as she ran the Hotel des Anglais, hard by Etaples, perhaps. She and Mrs. Whitburn had been lent the establishment with a lot of doctors and nurses, and they were doing praiseworthily. "The duchess had some rather elaborate brassards for her staff, embroidered with the Westminster badge, a wheat sheaf and a coronet. Personally I thought them rather vulgar and too theatrical, for I have never been able to reconcile jewels with a cap and apron." Of course, you don't think much about such breezy annals as those of Lady Angela. They seem to be the relatively prudent reminiscences of an aggressive though not an ignoble selfishness. How little others are, she seems to believe, when compared to Me! You suspect that her helpful canteen in northern France was not so great a boon to the miserable men who patronized it as it was to her. Their unhappiness, you feel, was food for her excitement. A childless widow of forty-five, she loved the new horizons of a war, and though she grieved over suffering you feel that she enjoyed herself as she sped in her brakeless Daimler over French roads, scattering the unwary soldiery and causing them to outcry, as they sought the hedges, "*La dame avec la cigarette.*" But there was nothing better in the war, excepting the soldiers, the surgeons, the nurses, the Red Cross, the K. of C., the Jewish Relief, the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army. Lady Angela was of the nervous type, which has, as she suggests, its profitable functions.

The "Defective" Bill

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Our present insanity laws are the outgrowth of fifty to one hundred years of progressive work, but it took Charles Reade's great novel "Hard Cash" to arouse England to a realization that designing relatives and enemies could railroad sane men into asylums without a proper hearing or a trial by jury.

Under the Knight bill, if approved by the Governor, upon the unsupported affidavit of a designing relative, enemy or even stranger, any one might be committed to an institution, asylum or prison as a "defective," and, if once committed, sane or insane, life imprisonment would probably follow.

And besides this the Knight bill would offer unlimited opportunities for blackmail and extortion.

F. J. STONE.

New York, April 8, 1922.

The Clean Play

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "We have fallen upon evil days indeed in the theater when the only objection that can be found against a play is that it is clean."

This challenging statement appeared in a letter addressed to you by a playgoer who found to his astonishment that a play had been condemned by the critics for the simple reason that it was a clean one. If the play in question had nothing else to commend it, but wholesomeness, it would be worthy of laudatory comment. New York critics themselves are continually asking for clean plays.

A. M. BURNSIDE.

New York, April 10, 1922.